THE HOLY VIRGIN
(VAISHNO MATA)

BY TRILOKI NATH DHAR

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To

Rajender and Patanjali

INTRODUCTION

The holy cave of Vaishnov Mata (Holy Virgin) is situated at a distance of 13 KM from Katra town of Jammu Province of the Jammu and Kashmir State. From Jammu city the cave is situated at a distance at 64 KM.

The cave is 5,200 feet above sea level', and is carved in the heart of a triple-peaked mountain called Trikuta. It has a narrow entrance and is about 100 feet long. Along its length flows a stream of cold and crystal water. In the sanctum sanctorum of the cave there are three projections over a rock which symbolically represent the powers of Vaishnov Mata (Holy Virgin).

Along the trek from the base camp at Katra there are important halting stages which have a mystic significance for the true pilgrim.

The upward journey starts from Bana Ganga. The main halting stage of Ad Kunwari (Primordial Virgin) is half-way between the cave and the base camp at Katra. From Ad Kunwari begins the steep climb to Hathi Matha (Elephant's Brow)

Every year, millions of pilgrims visit the holy cave of Vaishnov Mata However, the story and the philosophy behind the great shrine is very little known to the people.

In this world some great ideas, with the passage of time, suffer perversion. Perverted form of these ideas gives rise to devilish cults which plague the world and destroy peace and harmony, and prevent spread of true knowledge. After a certain period of time some great event takes place which paves the way for the destruction of the bushy growth of dark cults, and the minds of men and women are liberated from the shackles of ignorance.

In the poem *The Holy Virgin* a sincere attempt has been made to divulge every aspect of the story behind the great shrine of Vaishnov Mata.

In the poem you will find Krishna, accompanied by his consort Kamni, going on the pilgrimage to the holy cave. After starting the trek from the base camp Kamni has some apprehensive vision. Krishna explains the meaning of the dreadful vision, and then through the power of Yoga makes Kamni, in his own companionship, visualize the whole story and philosophy behind the shrine.

TRILOKI NATH DHAR

Srinagar,
22-9-1984

THE HOLY VIRGIN

I

Kamni and Krishna were
Moving along the trail,
Enchanting dales that were
Shelving the woodland pale,
Scattered a cadence there
That kept the pilgrim hale.
She said, "I surely hear
The fragments of a tale,
And the tune of a wail!"

Horrid shapes and shadows,
Moved in the gorge's hollow,
Hungry eyes and strained brows,
Cast in anxious sorrow.
Dreadful figures in rows,
Huddled along furrow ;
Unsure of what follows,
Unaware of morrow ;
Staring into burrow !

"What ought that spectacle
Mean us! O Lord, tell me?"
"Each in a manacle,
Which your eyes cannot see;
Bound with Fear's shackle,
Sure tossed, away from lee;
Damned eternal tackle
Rolls them in a frenzy,
Rising, reeling and dizzy.

"Followers of Bhairov
Whom the Holy Virgin,
Destroyed amidst a row.
In that terrible din
It is a wonder how
He went straight to heaven,
Freed out of Devil's cove,
And Burning Sin's margin,,
Through the grace of Virgin!

"Through Yoga, O Kamni,
Past or present through moves,
Clear like a matinee,
Run in Thought's powered coves;
In Vision's Intensity,
In transient and trans-rows,
Rolls like a galaxy;
And transcendental shoves
Bring to view precious troves!"

The story begins to be unfolded in the yogic vision

It was thirteen hundred
And seventy anno
Domini ; she was led
To Katra's bright halo,
Over the meadow's head,
Down which a stream did flow
Along the wavy tread,
That led to the fallow
And shining green hollow.

Deep in the glorious vision
Shridhar saw the bright trail,
In the Smadhi's precision,
Dazling lightening sail,
Just above the region
Of Mount Trikoot's bright pale ;
A trident on scision,
And a light shedding flail
On Holy Cave's ope shale !

A voice descended from
The empty hollow space :
Never proper to roam
Espy esprit apace
No force can ever broom
My fearful weapon-case
Hidden in the Cave's dome
Over triple teats on base
And victorious mace !

Shridhar's enchanting house,
Delight amidst verdure ;
And in that Vision's douse,
In a lightly measure,
He awoke from the drowse,
All set for the grandeur ;
Went to feed cows with browse ;
For him cows were a treasure,
Which made gay his leisure.

And said, " Kantyayani,
Let us arrange a feast,
For sweet virgins merry ;
I don't care in the least,
What it means in money.
We don't blieve in beast,
Nor in garden coney ;
But offering Virgin's Feast,
Pleases the Deity best !"

The feast was ready, and
Rows of gentle virgins
Regaled with sweet viand,
And purees served full bins ;
Laughter and mirth jocund
Music flowing margins,
Beaming innocence, and
Absorption of all dins,
That flourish wicked sins.

And while the virgins were
Having bread with curry,
Shridhar saw quite so near
Beaming beauty, cherry ;
Wide lotus eyes so dear,
Crushing sorrow's berry ;
Moonlight brow very fair,
Soothing the minds weary ;
Call not Her a fairy !

Shridhar was held spell bound
By Virgin's pure halo ;
And on Her forehead round
Shone the morn of morrow :
" And cann't you turn around,
Shridhar, do not wallow ;
Satiation Feast abound,
Ascetics, hermits let hallow ;
Partake Prayer's marrow !

" Such feast served to hermits,
Ensures great progeny ;
Sons who chase bandits
Bent to destroy glory !"
" No one ever predicts
Great Communion's ferry.
So that no one restricts
Lone Cave's Great Mystery ;
Free us from all dreary !"

" Amidst the three tiers
Lone Cave does appear blest ;
And powers proceed fires
By unseen order prest ;
Consciousness with gyres,
Waving motion and rest,
And no one ever dares
To break the divine trust,
Lodged in Love's full breast "

" O dear, accompany
Me to the blessed Cave !"
" That shall certainly be
After the hermits have
A feast in the green lea ;
And I leave for the Cave
For seeing the Monkey
That will fight the knave
Who tempts the Man to crave "

" I have no provisions
Enough here at my home ;
I cannot envision
These will sure suffice some
And all the great legion
Of ascetics that come
To grace the great vision
Of enticing the gnome
That enriches the loam."

"I'll prepare the dishes,
Cook all, and bake and fry,
And cater to wishes
Of those who taste my pie;
And share all the riches
That straight through grace come by;
And set at nought fetishes
That nurture the Great Lie,
That Man from start proved wry."

. . . .

From village to village,
Shridhar walked next day;
Like an innocent page
Praying hermits on way,
To dine at his heritage,
And make his household gay,
With prayer and vantage,
And holding bane at bay,
And bringing Wisdom's sway.

Evening came on the way,
And Shridhar walked in haste;
Dusk mixed into day;
The track was wet with paste;
Shridhar hurried to cay,
Where flames on pyres, in quest,
Dangled and glowed in fey;
Shridhar found in good taste,
A temple gay and chaste.

Shridhar hied to temple,
And entered its compound;
Rustic priest quite simple,
Came forward greeting round;
And offered room ample
For the night to rest sound;
A bed without rumple,
To sit and gaze around,
And see Cremation Ground.

Beaming glorious figure
In yellow robes sitting,
On a plank made secure
With braided clean matting;
Horrid men with vigour,
Their matted hair waving,
Started crazy rigour,
Around the pyres blazing,
And smoky flames curling.

With iron chains girdling
Waistes, and scalps so shaggy;
Each a skull holding,
And looking so scraggy;
Went scrambling and dancing,
And gulping wines dumpy;
With roasted flesh guzzling;
Shridhar felt panicky,
Horrid sight so ghastly!

"What all this should portend ?"
Shridhar said to the priest.
"Baitals and Bhairov tend
To celebrate Death's Feast
Each year, and they extend
Invitation, to tryst,
To Gorakh Nath, and mend
For Death's glory, and least
Care for being a beast !

"Gorakh Nath, Great Teacher
Of Bhairov and his host,
No flesh of a creature,
Partakes in such a roast ;
The most gracious Teacher
Only watches from post
Rites for Death's nurture ;
Phoney forms created most
To shatter the Life's boast !"

Suddenly some figures,
Horrid, with tousled hair ,
Stood to stoke the pyres,
And fuel the flames to flare
In blazing wavy gyres ;
Casting ominous glare ;
Shadows frowning fires ;
A Devil Dance so rare !
Who can stay there and dare ?

Making his hand a bowl,
Each stooping took ashes,
And smeared his face and jowl ;
Capering, mystic brashes ;
And dreadful distant howl ;
A mashing of flashes ;
And the hooting of Owl
Mocking Life's wide gashes ;
Roving amidst trashes !

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II

And they began singing
To the bum beats of drums :

O Death. Great God, O Lord !
Surely, Thy Will the Law,
Of Change, Motion and Cord ;
Devouring ripe and raw !
                Booming Bangs !
                Brashing Pangs !
Through the grace of Death,
    Let us conquer death,
O help us Bhairov Nath !

Riving souls from bodies,
Tearing bonds material,
Luring into follies,
Whirling forms ethereal !
                Horrid Hunks !
                Hushing Chunks !
Through the grace of Death,
    Let us conquer death,
O help us Bhairov Nath !

No use to live our lives,
No use to think of birth,
When Death invades all hives,
And scatters all the mirth !
Drooning Disgust !
Drugging Distrust !
Through the grace of Death,
Let us conquer death,
O help us Bhairov Nath !

Blood and flesh prone to sin,
And mantle hides the guilt ;
Death dispels hungry din,
Destroying fabrics built !
Crumpling Cracks !
Braying Jacks !
Through the grace of Death,
Let us conquer death,
O help us Bhairov Nath !

Attachment drives all men
To sad loss and disease ;
Death blows the body's den,
For Account and release !
Whelming Hounds !
Battering Rounds !
Through the grace of Death,
Let us conquer death,
O help us Bhairov Nath !

Hiccups in hellish fires ;
Soul shakes in agony ;
Twisted stand brazen liers ;
Who fostered villainy !
Jangling Jibs !
Jittery Ribs !
Through the grace of Death,
Let us conquer death,
O help us Bhairov Nath !

Weeping at thy approach
Perfects wines in brewery ;
Minions rush to the porch ;
Hot faces in white livery !
Burning Coals !
Fiery Holes !
Through the grace of Death,
Let us conquer death,
O help us Bhairov Nath !

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III

The East was painted crimson and saffron ;
Medicants and baitals came following
The Great Guru Gorakh Nath and his men,
Toward simple fane on the bank of flowing
Stream that meandered round the phallic icon,
And like a sly serpent, moved on, roving
Toward that lush swamp, down on, ruled by heron ;
And Shridhar at the entrance stood standing ;
As Great Guru reached near he fell proning.

Holding his palm over Shridhar's body,
Guru Gorakh hallowed him by a prayer ;
And Shridhar with folded hands got ready,
And said, "I pray Your Grace kindly to fare
To my house for partaking not gaudy,
But clean Satiation Feast served with care
For the glory of the Virgin Deity ;
For receiving blessings at this Saints Fair,
That peace and joy may permeate the air !"

The denizen of the Cremation Land,
Bhairov, behind Guru Gorakh Nath said,
"To enable us to fulfil our errand,
It is sure you will give us wholesome food
That certainly shall satisfy us, and
Prevent us from branding you ghastly red !"
"Sure, we shall satisfy you with a blend,
That the final satisfaction shall wed
The highest joy that leaves no room for dread !"

With tousled locks, and yellow and red eyes ;
A trident on his shoulder and a skull
Hanging from his short neck just pendant-wise ;
His mind appeared vacant and his buccal
Expression made one to shrink in his size.
Shridhar's reply made him surely so dull,
That whatever constitutes human ties
Appeared a fudge and a meaningless yell ;
Wasteful it is to mull and strive to cull.

Through wide and white lotus eyes showering grace ;
Whiteness more soothing than solemn moonshine ;
Long and twisted auburn braids seemed to grace
A figure glorious and mystic shrine ;
Radiating only peace and no trace
Of conflict, and pride of being and mine
"Your love and faith shall compel us apace
To see that we attend and come to dine
At the neat Satiation Feast of Nine !"

IV

As Shridhar returned to his home he found
Holy Virgin had already arrived ;
She greeted him with wreaths of smiles, and words
Sweeter than honey ; a red cloth
Covered Her head, and she moved with
Her pet, black-faced Langur, doing
Chores and attending to
Every detail ; anxious
For fulfilment ; and with

Affection beaming through his eyes, Shridhar
Said, "Where are your parents ? Have they allowed
To come ; and could they not come to join us
In this Satiation Feast !" And
Holy Virgin gave same reply,
"Parents reside on the yonder
Mountain, rearing cows, and
Goats." And Shridhar gave an
Account of how Guru

Gorakh Nath and his retinue of saints,
And baitals of the Cremation Ground had
Agreed to atterd the Satiation
Feast. Shridhar's kindered and Holy
Virgin sat to discuss the mode
Of service and culinary
Problems ; wood, utensils
Were collected, and they
Got busy in the work.

In a short while, sizzling *purees* danced
Over the boiling ghee in wide scooped
Pans, below which the fire raging in the
Hearths, with trepidation, thrust tongues
Of flames, and in wide utensils
Dhal and vegetables skirmished
With crackling and steaming
Bubbles that appeared in
Cunning arrays, baffling

Time-honoured reckonings. The Sun had turned
Over-head towards West. All the hermits,
Ascetics, and mendicants had arrived.
Shortly after, Gorakh Nath came,
Followed by saints and his pupils ;
Bhairov Baba arrived, followed
By baitals ; all sat in
Laid rows. Bhairov gazing
Evoked gloomy horror !

Before each person in the rows a broad
Leaf of water-lily was placed, and soon
A hymn in praise of Shiva and Uma
Rose in harmonic grace toward
Heaven, and shortly thereafter,
Pudding, purees, vegetables,
Cooked nice, fragrant, spicy,
Appetising, began
To be served with pleasure.

Every hermit was relishing the feast
With joy, born of satiation and grace.
Alas ! Shridhar wondered to see Bhairov ;
He saw him gazing movements of
The Holy Virgin. His lower
Lip twitched and he appeared trembling
With rage and Shridhar was
Aghast ! Bhairov and his
Company had nothing.

Holy Virgin, red cloth covering Her head,
Came and asked, "What is it that ails you so,
Bhairov ?" "Churlish girl taking liberty,"
Said Bhairov, " Where is Shridhar ?"
Shridhar at once came forward, and
Awaited before Bhairov who
Stood up with his pubic
Hair exposed and began,
" Shridhar, why have you not

Given us the food of our choice when you
Had invited us, and impelled us to
Leave our bounds ?" "Whatever we had prepared,
With love and faith, we humbly placed
Before you and your company."—
Meanwhile, other stoics, having
Feasted themselves to their
Fill, began preparing
For Satiation Hymn!

Bhairov, feeling that no attention was
Lavished on him, felt irritated, and
Began, " Shridhar, since you have invited
It is your duty to provide
Us with food of our choice, and
We denizens of Cremation
Ground are to be regaled
With flesh and wine." Holy
Virgin, who stood by the

Side of Shridhar, with smiles rippling on Her
Rosy face, and enchanting and unkempt
Hair, hastened to add, "Bhairov, this is a
Brahmin's house. You won't find meat and
Drink in a Brahmin's house prepared
For satiating the Deity."
Bhairov replied, " If you
Fail to provide us the
Desired food for which you

Had invited us here, we shall have no
Option but to kill you, your family
And regale ourselves with your flesh and blood
We don't leave Cremation Ground, but
When we are invited we must
Get satiated to our fill ;
All the host of spirits
Accompanying us."
Holy Virgin replied,

" Bhairov Baba, why should you eat flesh of
Human beings when you know how precious
Human life is ! For nine months in the womb
Human baby is nurtured, and
Holy Virgin scrupulously
Takes care of every need of the
Developing baby.
Nine, the sacred number,
Symbol of Perfection !

" And Holy Virgin, Mother of Beings,
Shiva's Self and Shakti, never tainted,
Untainted witness to states of being,
Waking, dreaming, dreamless sleep, in
All forms administering to
The needs of building, and of Will
Creating from the Unknown !
For nine months nurturing
The human embryo !

It takes more time to build, and no time to
Destroy ! Bhairov Baba, human life is
Precious, pray, accept whatever we have
Offered here, and return to your
Abode. satisfied and happy."
" Bhairov replied, "O surly girl !
I do wonder at your
Courage to talk to a
Bhairov, who can destroy

In a twinkling ; nothing short of human
Flesh can satiate us now ; I will eat
All you." The brow of Holy Virgin turned
Dazzling white, and She said, " Bhairov,
If you have conquered death then why
Not eat your own flesh to show us :
You make no difference
Between your body's flesh
And other body's flesh."

With blood-shot eyes, ablaze with rage, Bhairov
Began, " I can crunch even alphabets
Under my teeth, so that all of you are
Rendered dumb like cattle." He drew
Out a chopping sword from satchel,
And forcefully he struck his loin.
There was no gash, only
Sparks came out just like when
Iron strikes a rough stone.

Bhairov trembled; the sword fell from his hand;
Appearing in a swoon he sat down with
His back against the stem of a thick shurb.
The other ascetics, after
Saying the prayers for Shridhar,
In a state of slight confusion,
Left the green ground in haste,
Following Gorakh Nath
And his true disciples.

Shridhar stood dazed, and the Holy Virgin,
Whose forehead was shining, looking towards
Him said, "Take care of Bhairov and I leave!
I am weary now." So, Holy
Virgin left, accompanied by
Her pet Langur, who capering went
Side by side, and passing
Through an arch of stone, the
Langur bent down to quench

His thirst from a gushing stream that swiftly
And sportively ran over and around
Boulders and through fissures with perpetual
Laughters; and Holy Virgin sat
Over a cleft, and began to
Wash and clean her golden tresses.
Stunned by unexpected
Confrontation, Bhairov
Got up, taking trident

On his shoulder, and cranium vault in
Hand, satchel hanging from his shoulder, he
Left to catch hold of the Holy Virgin.
An itchy curiosity
Fired him, and the words of Holy
Virgin were ringing in his mind,
"Don't you see how Virgin
Attends to every need
Of the developing

Baby in the womb for nine months, and *nine*
Is the sacred number, and symbol of
Perfection !" Bhairov saw afar Holy
Virgin washing Her tresses on
The bank of Bana Ganga.
He also saw that a lightning
Streak flashed along the line
Where the tresses parted.
His eyes getting dazzled !

His strength failed him, and his pace became slow,
But he followed. After thrashing Her hair
Holy Virgin started climbing the mount ;
From two hundred yards up Holy
Virgin looked back and saw Bhairov
Following in a swinging gait.
Holy Virgin climbed up
In a delightful form ;
Her golden hair swaying

In Elysian breeze that blew across ;
Her beauteous eyes were espying the
Craggy slopes and greenery far off, and
With Langur, She went up blithely.
Bhairov, who was trekking behind,
Was charmed by the flowing golden
Hair of the Virgin, and
Her captivating march
Made Bhairov so dizzy !

Spurred by mystery and enchantment, he
Followed relentlessly. Hallowed Virgin
Had gone along the track by about a
League—A hermit, in a small cave,
Was meditating in front of
A pit from which dreamy smoke rose
From three smouldering logs.
The hermit was startled
On seeing the Virgin !

She said, " I will stay in the circuitous
Cave here ; don't reveal my identity
To any one ; I will transcend psyche ;
This cave is akin to womb of
A Mother, where I nourish the
Human embryo for nine months,
Raising him above the
Animals and the ape ;
Effacing impressions——

Undifferentiated *oblivion* ;
Turning pre-determined wills into seeds !
You cann't create life ; growth in living being
Is due to life ; if you offer
A full grown beast as sacrifice
To God, you are offering nought ;
Because the life which made
The beast to grow does not
Owe to the offerer !"

The hermit felt very happy, and bowed
In reverence, and before he could say
Anything, the Holy Virgin went up
Into the uterine cave-in ;
Adopted stiff yogic posture ;
Identity in absorption !
The Langur jumped from
Tree to tree, gazing at
The upgoing Bhairov.

Bhairov was so confused and suffered so
Much aberration that he inferred that
Holy Virgin climbed down and he felt that
She disappeared in spatial rum !
Taking a vantage point below
A projecting rock he waited
For the Holy Virgin ;
Concentrating on Time
Nodule of empty space

For mustering vigour to probe into
The knotty mystery of the Holy
Virgin ; She does enter every womb
To nourish the developing
Foetus when nothing can enter
It without creating disturbance.
Automatically
Fully developed
Body works, and how should

Jiva enter the womb for taking up
Body, perfect for gendering Ego !
The secret of the passage of *Jiva*
Through the womb is a mystery !
Is this mystery only known
To the Holy Virgin, who knows ?
Passage through womb is more
Difficult to know than
The secret of the Death !

Scattering of particles, destruction,
And dissipation are easy ; but is
The mystery of powers that bring
The particles, for building the
Great edifice of the living
Body, into unifying
Order, only known to
The Holy Virgin who
Ever creates to build ?

"O, Mahakal, come to my rescue!" said
Bhairov. Concentrating into empty
Space, he began to levitate, going
Up and then going down again!
Well, mystery of birth was more
Intricate than the mystery
Of death; a strange feeling!
He felt strange urge to catch
Hold of Holy Virgin.

He waited too long, and felt exhausted;
Lost power of concentrating into
The emptiness and the Death's whorl; and lost
The power of levitation;
And was tired to wait long
For the Holy Virgin who was
Not coming from any
Direction. So he felt
That he was mistaken.

Holy Virgin might not have come down but
Continued up to the mountain; so he trudged
Along; climbing higher and higher till
He reached the uterine cave, and
Saw a hermit sitting errect
In front of a fire-pit, from the
Centre of which a flame
Quiveringly struggled
To rise up and away.

Bhairov said to the hermit, "If you have
Seen a beautiful Virgin passing this
Way, who is agile and bright, and dazzling?"
"I have seen a Virgin who has
No equal in all the three Worlds;
She is the Mother of all the
Creatures; She is Love, and
Love's power, and also
Love's intensity, and

That is why She is ever untainted,
Ever pure, ever Virgin, caring for
The baby in the womb; and protecting
All life with motherly concern;
Death occurs openly; but birth
Has the mantle of Secrecy.
The Holy Virgin does
Not share the secret of
Birth with any being

Death shatters the particles apart, but
In Birth particles come together for
Making a form; and how marvellously
The mansion is builded; and the
Secret is known only to the
Holy Virgin." Bhairov was struck
By *Kama*, and he saw
The opening of the cave
Which stands for the womb where

The embryo develops to take birth.
He guessed that the Holy Virgin might be
In the cave; and by catching the hold of
Virgin in the womb he would snatch
The secret of life and birth; but
As he entered, Holy Virgin
Made an opening on
Other side, with Trident;
Away; and Bhairov felt

Irate and exhausted. Going into
The Womb does not solve the mystery of
Birth; ever elusive! "Ah!" Said Bhairov
"Cursed be the Fates; Curse be unto
Death which takes away without
Knowing!" And so Bhairov came out
Of the cave and started
Ascending Elephant,
Brow of the sacred mount.

From top of the Elephant Brow Holy
Virgin commanded Bhairov to retrace,
And return to his fold; But obstinate
Bhairov followed. She mounted up
Higher, emitting lights from Her
Flowing, golden, beautiful hair.
She went down, and then went
Forward, towards the cave
Of innumerable

Swords, tempered in primordial furnace
Of will, Power and Knowledge blazing from
Transcendental focal vision of the
Supreme Being, centric to all
Creations and computations.
Holy Virgin left the Langur
To guard the entrance, and
Herself She went into
The Cave of Redemption.

And Bhairov followed with trident in one
Hand and skull in the other; saw Langur
Perching over a protruding rock at
The entrance of the Holy Cave
As Bhairov rushed to enter
The Cave, the Langur struck his cheek
With his left hand, with such
Force that Bhairov with a
Blinding thud hit a rock

Behind his back; and with terrific wrath
He stood up, fire blazing out of his eyes,
Locks moving like multi-tongued flames of a
Big fire blown by wayward wind, and
With ghastly agility he
Jumped towards the Langur and hit
Him with his trident; but
With marvellous quickness
The Langur evaded

Attack, and swiftly made a terrible
Dash against Bhairov who fell head - long
The right, striking a stone and received a
Cut below his left eye from which
Blood flowed over his cheek. He got
Up with lightning alacrity,
And ran after the brave
Langur and caught his left
Arm forcefully and got

Locked in a deadly struggle, but the brave
Langur drew him over the rough surface
So that the left side of Bhairov was rasped
And blood bagan to ooze out of
Superficial capillaries
Of the skin covering the left side;
But Bhairov put his black
Horny hand into the
Mouth of Langur, and

With the other hand he caught his upper
Jaw, and was about to split his head; but
At this instant, just before sun - set, a
Terrific form, ablaze with the
Radiance of a tremulous
Lightning, and wielding a shining
Sword, came out of the Cave,
And removed the head of
Bhairov fr his hard trunk!

As the severed head got falling into
The vast gorge a frighteningly plaintive
Cry came from its mouth, "O Mother! I am
Your Son, Your Servant, forgive me,
Forgive my sin!" Holy Virgin,
Mother of creatures, descended
At once upon Bhairov,
And invested him with
Cloak of Glorious Light!

Bhairov, in this way, ascended into
Glory of everlasting beautitude!
A voice from high proclaimed, "You have attained
Immortality, and become
Worthy of adoration by
All my devotees!"—And what
About Shridhar? He felt
Very gloomy over
Sad doings of Bhairov.

He was filled with longing for knowing the
Whereabouts of the Holy Virgin; he
Became indifferent and felt that free
Will could not at all manifest
In absence of diverse forces;
And remained deep absorbed in the
Vision of the Holy
Virgin, and her bright form,
And so many months passed!

One day he plunged *into* a great vision :
He found himself near the entrance of the
Holy Cave ; and looking inside he found
Unutterable extension ;
And at the farthest end Holy
Virgin, in a captivating
Red robe, and radiance
So white on Her face, and
Her unique eyes showered

Compassion ; and She seemed to have eight arms.
Diamonds in rings were cubes and oblongs
Of blissful condensed white radiance.
And one day accompanied by
Three of his kinsmen he followed
The path that had been shown in the
Vision. During mid-day
They reached at the entrance
Of the Glorious Cave !

He saw with open eyes resplendence of
The Court. With melted hearts and tears gushing
From eyes, they offered prayers, and sang songs
In praise of the Holy Virgin ;
Her love and compassion for life ;
Her innumerable weapons.
And they sang the song of
Rukmi, who pined on her
Bed for three months when her

Lover was killed by the witchery of
The Dakni Witch who first cast her cursing
Glance on Rukmi's lover, and then killed him
By consumptive witchcraft. Rukmi
Prayed on in her bed for three months
Without food and water. Holy
Virgin was moved. Anon
Rukmi was united
With her bonny lover !

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V

Kamni and Krishna were moving on the
Padmasana through a dazzling white cloud;
Whirling across it they saw a mountain
Tapering in spirals; there was
No sky or earth visible but
Only the mountain inlaid with
Dazzling white silver, and
Kamni to Krishna said,
"Is this mountain covered

With dazzling white snow?" And Krishna replied,
"Snow or no snow; you are moving in a form which
Doesn't have sensation of heat and cold.
It is the glorious state!" And
They were approaching a brilliant
Sphere of vast dimensions; in a
Trice they too became a
Great bright sphere, but shortly
They regained finite form!

To escape the sway of Great Time it is
Better to exist without body, for,
Form immures in dimensions leading to
Bondage which people call knowledge!
Anon, enchantingly white moon
Appeared in front at a distance,
And Kamni felt that her
Eyes were revited to it!
The Moon disappeared in

Diffusing extension. They were whirling
Slowly around the beautiful mountain.
A magnificent fire appeared, with tongues
Curling like rose-petals out of
Which emanated bright golden
Hue, and instantly out of this
Rose moved out celestial
Beings of Light, and their
Countenances filled the

Heart with a joy of the rarest order!
They sang to the accompaniment of
Unknown instruments of purest tones and
Tunes, and poured out a melody
That went straight into the spirit,
Drowning sensations into the
Supreme ecstasy of
Love! They moved towards the
Apex of the mountain.

While recounting the various aspects
Of the pilgrimage Krishna said that it
Would be a hard effort to reproduce
Songs of the celestial beings;
Only a reminiscence of
Joy remained; but fragments of the
Import of the initial
Song is brought forth below
With great hesitation:

Tell people below that the greatest evidence
        Of the existence of
Parmashiva is Love that lends vibrant cadence
        To comprehension of
The Beauty, the Being, and Creative License;
        For wise nectar to queff!

The being deprived of Love and Love's power,
        Reels in the mud of baser
Ignorance, born of knowledge that divides river
        From water, and tracer
From design, and treats circumference quite outer
        To Centre and Crater.

Mother, with love, undertakes pain and suffering
        For nourishing the Life!
In the image of Virgin, from the beginning
        Was created, sans strife,
Mother, without God having accepted offering
        Of bullocks and rams rife!

In return for having created Man and Earth
God enjoined through Moses
Sacrifices in His name, sans flaw and dearth,
Of rams and sheep in doses
To continue till his people abide on Earth,
Unmindful of losses.

Solomon made house for the Lord and before ark
Sacrificed sheep and
Oxen, which could not be told nor numbered, so stark
In fostering the end
Of love and compassion for life; made gruesome dark
Hope to save life from rend!

Man lost sense of proportion and went rapacious
In destroying life in
The air, on the Earth, and in the deep seas; bumptious
Claim being above sin,
And crown of creatures that are considered precious
In the cushy Earth's bin!

O, Holy Virgin! deliver mankind from the
Clutches of sinners who
Identify their wrath with the wrath of God, the
Merciful; and those who
Preach their creed through violence and the aid of the
Sword, treating friend a foe!

VI

Kamni and Krishna moved in pace with the
Celestial beings ; they came above black
Waves, extremely shining ; they began to
Move in an ocean of mingled
Emerald light creating music
And symphony that went straight
To Heart, harmonizing
Vision and Sound into
An inexpressible

Bliss. The celestial beings passed behind
Kamni and Krishna, who leading them all
Moved above waves, and in front they beheld
Triple Sun, shining with glory,
And Light of unutterable
Description over a peak of
Mysterious form which
Made architecture of
Extension and Space.

Glorious beings in mantles of Light
Stood on architectural terraces ;
Beautiful forms of trees with velvety
Green leaves spread over the grand slopes.
And fascinating birds in these
Celestial trees poured out warble
Of purest musical
Sounds, and with every rise
And fall of symphony

Their plumes turned from bright white to gold, orange
Rosy, yellow, green, and violet, and
Together with this warble, the Beings
Sang a song of divine meaning
And later Krishna explained the
Sense of the song that was sung by
The Beings of Light, and
Fragments of that song are
Reproduced below :

O, Holy Virgin,
Supreme Siva's Self !
Parmasivam !
WILL
to
CREAT
WILL
to
Preserve, Protect, Nourish, and Transform
CHANGE !
Knowledge in Action !
Beyond Thought's flight
Inexpressible
Permeating Oceans
Holding sway and check

Glow in fluidity
Silence in visions
Musical solidity
Liquidity in scission
Squall from a ditty
Unopposed fusions guiding a symphony

Vibrant in the Sun
Mystery of the Sun and the revolving Earth
Centric mystery of the axis of the Earth
Served by the Sun and other gods
Protector of gods

Master of the Supreme Posture
Mystifying glow of the Earth
Beauteous in the Moon
Holding centre of the universe in ordering flows

Mother of Numerals
Matrix holding Zero
Order in flowing symbols
Mother of Artificer

Master of cures
Master of free choice
Motion in History

Soul of fire
Soul of Tabla and Dholak
Soul of primordial Word
Creator and Source of Form in Supreme Arts
Creator of Umbrella

Weilder of the Arrow
Emerald line in the upward motion
Golden streak balancing sensory and motor impulses
Love that prepares for the supreme sacrifice

Neither born nor bagets
Knower of the riddle
Self—existent
Saviour, Summit, Mother of gods

Mystery of Ignorance
Destroyer of Ignorance
Transcending Incantations

Essence of the first alphabet
Origin of alphabets
Crescent of the meaning
Structure of the meaning

Flow in the words
River of verses
Rebound in Thought's echo;
Controller of sluices

Bestower of all power
Bestower of all plenty
Destroyer of all enemies
Destroyer of the vile and the wicked
Remover of want and penury

Protector of devotees
Absolver of debts
Showering infinite grace upon those
Who surrender!

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VII

Behold Kamni and Krishna returning
From their pilgrimage to the Holy Cave!
They were moving blithely with red ribbons
Tied around their heads; the pilgims
Moving towards the Holy Cave were
Happy to see the pair, not
Knowing that Krishna and
Kamni embodied the
Secret of Existence:

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